

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL

EPITAPLUM.

May fortune bless with her best smiles
These and the charming hour;
And may she lighten all your toils
With flashes of good looks, etc.
May He, whose power lies in to do,
Your spiritual medicines prosper;
And on the waves of worldly, woe,
O may you never be cast down.
May you be relieved from every ill,
With health and body rocks;
Safety within the camp itself,
Within your bosom, etc.
Summer hereto attend your hours,
New beauties still may you see;
Let Heaven demand your highest powers,
As to the world, etc.
And when in death shall you depart,
His gaunt scarce may you feel,
Then comfort ye each other's heart:
We meet again in Callo. — M. G.

The Ruined One.

Is not the following, from "The Child Murders" of SCHILLER, as the words on the scaffold, an affecting appeal to the virtue whose "desecrating arts" brought her to a gommonious end?
"On me so far as he who vowed so oft I should be his
Wife who so sweet he loved me more than all the world
beside?"
Oh! God! perhaps he'sitting now some other madman nigh,
While I am in the scaffold for the love of him to die!
"Perhaps he's gazing on her face, or playing with her hair,
Or in her bosom, warming his softest kisses there;
While the life-blood of his first love is gushing from her veins,
I had the little charms upon my aching heart,
And sweetly pillow'd on my heart, I rocked the bairn to rest;
Then like a morning sun he's-brod the pretty darling smil'd,
And with an sage-momence my broken heart beguiled.
"But oh! in every feature soon the father did I trace,
And it twang'd my heart with hot as fire pain upon its face;
My old and thought-of desperate things, were stangling
In my breast,
"See! there lies at my feet, this little life had died,
Cold stiff, and pale, and stank with blood!"—I knew that it
was dead!
I gazed upon the shocking scene of my bairn as it lay,
And I thought that I should die as the current ebbed away.
"What a sad and doleful thon' weep so soft-heartsed mother,
Nay, that I would not give thee; bind the bairn round
my bairn;
Fare thee well, do not tremble to stop this little breath,
Tis but to kiss a thy-sak—now do thy work of death!"

From the Democratic Review.

The German Fatherland.

From the GERMAN VOLK.

Was ist der Deutschen Volks Land?

It's Prussia, the Land of iron!

It's an Empire, a Land of gold!

It's our Rhein the Reine Ruhm!

It's our Mahr the Mahr ziegt!

O mein, mein, mein,

Sie Vaterland meine grosser seyn."

What is the German's Fatherland?

It is普魯士, the Land of Land?

Or where, saunt the purple vine,

Majestic flows the glorious wine?

On me, on me,

His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland?

Bavaria, or Saxon Land?

Or where, beneath the rugged soil,

The mahr plods his dreary tool?

Still not for ah!

His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland?

It is Westphalia's blushing land?

Or where, above the fertile shore,

Those waves wash the thousands pound?

Still not for ah!

His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland?

Or name the far-extended Land?

Or name the Land, and leave the race;

His Fatherland is broader far.

What is the German's Fatherland?

Or name the far-extended Land?

Or where, beneath the rugged soil,

The mahr plods his dreary tool?

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